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They who have received wounds in the battle deliver themselves to be sucked to a crowd of juggler physicians, a multitude of spectators admiring and extolling their constancy and fortitude. Great numbers flock to behold the spoils and trophies taken from the enemy. The women, giving way to an excess of gladness, seem mad with joy; they would make no end of singing, leaping, and applauding, were they not obliged to turn their attention towards making preparations for the public drinking-party of their husbands; who, at the same time that they wash the horrible colours from their faces, endeavour to clear from their minds, with wine, their past anxiety respecting the conflict. In the assembly of drinkers, where the victory is celebrated amidst confused clamours, and songs accompanied with the sound of gourds and drums; when all are heated with liberal draughts of mead, each begins to relate his own brave actions, and to laugh at the errors, cowardice, and flight of others; which not being endured by any of the Abipones, the warriors contend furiously amongst themselves, first with fists, and then, growing more enraged, with spears and arrows. Did not the women interpose to effect a reconciliation, and employ themselves in snatching away their weapons, and leading their husbands home, it is beyond xxx doubt that more would be killed after the battle than in the battle.

[127 155] [703 626 578 621] [562 593]

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727 home, it is beyond a doubt that more would be killed after the battle than in the battle.

203 727 521 If a battle be fought at a distance from the town, a horseman is sent forward to announce the success of it to the hordesmen. As soon as this messenger is espied from a distance, a crowd come out to meet him, striking their lips with their right hands, and accompany him to his house. Having preserved the profoundest silence he leaps down from his horse on to a bed; whence, as from a rostrum, he announces the event of the battle, with a grave voice, to the surrounding multitude. If a few of the enemy are killed and wounded, he begins his story with *Nalamichiriñi;* they are all slaughtered, which he utters with a severe countenance and declamatory tone, and receives the applauses of the by-standers. He then enumerates those that he himself has slain in battle, and to enhance the merit of the victory, affirms of many, *Eknam Capitan;* he was a captain. At every name that is mentioned of an enemy slain in battle the air resounds with *Kem ékemat? Ta Yeegàm!* an exclamation of surprize. The number of captives, waggons, and horses, that have been taken, are then detailed with infinite exaggeration, for of each he asserts that they are innumerable; *Chik Leyé-*

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kalipì; at which the auditors burst forth into an exclamation of *Ndře*, by which they express a strange and unheard-of thing. Having minutely recounted every circumstance tending to set forth this arduous fight and splendid victory, he proceeds to discover those of his fellow-soldiers that have been wounded in the battle. At every name the by-standers groan, and utter the word *Tayretà!* Poor little thing! As the Abipones think it a crime to utter the name of a dead person, the narrator makes use of a paraphrase, thus, *Yoalè eknam oanerma Hamelèn laneuek là chit kaekà:* The man, the husband of the woman Hamelèn, is now no more. The mention of the death of one of their countrymen entirely destroys all the pleasure which the news of the victory had excited; so that the announcer immediately finds himself deserted by his late attentive listeners, as soon as ever he begins to touch upon this melancholy subject. All the women unloose their hair, snatch up gourds and drums, and lament in the manner that I have described in the twenty-fourth chapter.

The Abipones, when returned from an expedition, enter their horde, not in one company, but separately, without ostentation, if victorious, and without signification of sorrow, if conquered, or even if desperately wounded, un-